NOT THE ENEMY'S CAMPFIRES.

The Mistake of a Recruit Whose Imagination Was Stimulated.

At the beginning of the war there were a lot of "raw" soldiers, who, though ardent fellows and good fighters, were not up to the West Point standard on military matters. At Warrenton, Va., one of the new companies happened to be stationed early in the conflict, and many were the lessons that had to be learned by the earnest but ignorant southerners, who had but a slight idea of the rigid rules of warlike discipline. But on the whole they did well.

It was one balmy September evening, just that time of the year when the cool breeze is laden with the rich odors of the dying leaves and full of an exhilarating crispiness that seems to fill one's blood with dreams of love and happiness. The moon was just peeping from behind a bank of clouds resting on the crests of the Blue Ridge, and the line of light crept down the sides and crawled across the fields of waving corn and the meadows full of chirping insects. About in the [illegible] were scattered the white tents of the Confederates, and beneath them the tired men were deep in slumber.

One of the most ignorant men had been put out as a picket, and for hours he trod his beat, watching with eager eye the lights from the distant farmhouses, lest some fire of an enemy's camp break out into the gloom. The air was warm and fragrant, and the soldier's mind was full of the romance of the situation.

Presently the moon sank behind the dark billows of the cloud bank and the world was wrapped in silence and darkness. But in each bush there sparkled a glowworm, and about in the air circulated some of the bright insects known as "lightning bugs," whose tiny tails are seemingly pointed with fire.

Now the sentry suddenly became alarmed and gave the signal, and the camp was soon in turmoil. The men, hastily awakened from their sleep, began to saddle up, and were full of delight at the thought of meeting the enemy, whose campfires, so the sentinel said, had just gleamed out from a distant hill.

The men were ranged up to begin their march, the colonel exhorted them that this was the "time to win their spurs," and all was excitement, when the sentinel crept up to the colonel.

"Colonel," said the fellow in a discomfited voice, "I am mighty sorry, but I have made a mistake—there is no campfire of the enemy—it's a lightning bug—you see, I am a bit nearsighted." And the man crept back to hide under the flap of his desolate tent, while the disgruntled men took themselves again to slumber.—Philadelphia Times.

LOVE AS CONSIDERED NOWADAYS.

Two Men Asked Advice About It and Then Rejected It.

"There is no use of opposing a love affair, not even when the actors play into your own hands. I know what I'm saying. I've had the experience with two—the young and the old man. My first experience was with a young man, who didn't know his mind and asked me what he had better do, and I, like a father, told him he'd better not marry the girl he was courting. He went right off and married her.

An old man from the country came into the car where I was reading my morning paper and sat down at my side. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Did you ever court a grass widder?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've courted a dozen or more. Why?"

"Did you ever marry one?"

"Yes."

"Waller, p'r'aps you kin give a chap a point or two?"

"Oh, certainly, all the points you want."

"Are they any different from other women?"

"Say, old fellow, I've courted all sorts of women, both married and unmarried, and they are all just alike. They do all the courting and generally propose before you have courted them a week."

"Waller, what's your opin'n?"

"It is this—the man who marries one is a jackass."

The old fellow scratched his head for a moment, and after he had got his idea racked in the right spot he said: "Waller, hain't I as much constitutionally right to be a jackass as you have? Waller, I guess, and I'm goin 'cept her proposal by wire. Write it out for me, won't you?"—New York Herald.

Lincoln's Modesty.

The Tribune has received a letter from Mr. George Kluetsch, editor of the Lincoln (Neb.) Freie Presse, setting forth that he has in his possession a letter in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, written in 1859, of special historical importance. Mr. Klnetsch received the letter from T. J. Pickett, at one time editor of the Republican paper in Rock Island, Ills. The letter is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 16, 1859.

T. J. Pickett, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—Yours of the 13th is just received. My engagements are such that I cannot, at any very early day, visit Rock Island to deliver a lecture or for any other object.

As to the other matter you kindly mention, I must, in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection, but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort such as you suggest should be made. Let this be considered confidential. Yours very truly.

A. LINCOLN.

—Chicago Tribune.

What She Was Meant For.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying:

"I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irish man."—Strand Magazine.

Prize fighting, with its attendant gambling, drunkenness, brutality and demoralization, may now be said to be forever killed in this country, and the present congress and President Cleveland have the honor of giving it the last knock down. The Catron law prohibits it in the District of Columbia and the territories, and the states generally already forbid it. But if any two fistic gentlemen still wish to try their strength in a friendly way they can go into some friendly field away from the sight of men and fight it out. Nobody will stop them. It is the demoralization of the low down public prize fight that civilized people object to, not to tests of strength.

Is there any objection to having an American Salvation Army? We have an American Episcopal church.

SHOOTING STARS.

How These Odd and Erratic Baby Planets Blaze and Darken.

The shooting star is an oddity of the very oddest kind. It is a world of itself—a miniature planet—probably not larger than the papier mache globe on your study table or the rubber ball with which the schoolboys play "three cornered cat," but it is a world just the same. These baby planets are not always round, as planets are generally supposed to be, but are known to be in all sorts of queer shapes. Some are square, others octagonal; some irregular and many cornered, while one is occasionally met with which is smooth as a brick or a cement paving stone. Probably you have never heard of a man (or woman either, for that matter) "meeting with" a shooting star in any of his wanderings. Let us see how such a thing might be possible.

The shooting star is originally a miniature world, revolving around the sun with as much regularity as the earth, Jupiter, Venus or Mars. It keeps up this unerring flight thousands or even millions of years. Finally it reaches the limit of its existence. Suddenly and perhaps without any visible cause it shoots off at a tangent. It is now a "shooting star." Formerly it was a world, but even now it is not bright as other stars are. Let us see what will cause it to "flame up like a gigantic torch in the heavens." This particular body that we are talking about shot off from its orbit in the direction of our earth. Its speed is not less than 30 miles a second, probably five times that.

In the great outer sea of space it encounters no resistance to its headlong flight. But wait. It is nearing the envelope of atmosphere which surrounds our globe. What will be the result when it comes in contact with "the air we breathe?" The first stratum it strikes is so attenuated that its resistance is very slight. Yet the friction is great enough to instantly raise the temperature of the falling world. Within the hundredth part of a second the dense stratum of atmosphere has been encountered. The flight of the little world is now perceptibly checked, the result being a sudden firing of the mineral matters in the stone. There is an instantaneous burst of light, and then we see the doomed representative of the miniature planets in all its meteoric splendor. Possibly the streak of fire it leaves athwart the heavens will not appear to be more than a few hundred feet long. Certainly it will be thin and short if the little world was not larger than a football—because it will be almost instantly consumed as soon as it strikes the denser portions of the atmosphere. On the other hand, if this world which has so suddenly come to an end was as large as a good sized barn when it started, fragments of it weighing from 10 to 1,000 pounds may reach the earth. It is from these fragments that we learn the shape and composition of the aerial phenomenon referred to as "shooting stars."—St. Louis Republic.

DIRECTED HER LETTER TO HEAVEN.

Pathetic Little Story of a Child's Epistle to Her Dead Mother.

At a recent wedding the bride had retired to her dressing room to don her traveling gown. Her mother had been dead a year or more, and she had had the constant care and companionship of her little sister ever since their affliction. The 7-year-old entered the room and went to her sister's chair very thoughtfully. Drawing a letter from the little pocket, she said:

"Alice, here is a letter to mamma. I have just written, telling her all about the wedding. Will you send it to her?"

The older sister, a little shocked, replied as gently as possible that she couldn't send a letter to mother.

Then the little one, looking quite bright, said promptly:

"Oh, yes, you can, because now you are married, you will be getting a little girl, and when you send for her, just give the doctor this letter, and he can take it to mamma when he goes for the baby."

And there on the envelope was the address, printed as best she could: "To Mamma, In Heaven. Kindness of the Doctor."

She took the letter, and hugged the little one to hide the tear which was rubbed off on the curly, brown head.—Washington Star.

Early Candlelight State Dinners.

It appears that in olden times the president used to give his dinner parties at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The grandfather of Representative Acheson of Pennsylvania once dined with George Washington, and his family have preserved the invitation. It is written in a business hand on a fourth page of a sheet of ordinary note paper, with the lines running lengthwise across the sheet, and reads as follows:

Mr. Acheson is requested to dine with the president on Thursday, the 23d inst., at, 4 o'clock precisely.

Feb. 14, 1797.

—Chicago Record.

Liked Lawyers.

It is recorded of Andrew Johnson that when, senator or president, he was invited to a dinner party, he was accustomed to ask if any lawyer was to be among the guests. For said he, lawyers always lubricate things. He took a greater fancy to William M. Evarts, his attorney general, because of his postprandial fame than because of his eminent legal attainments.—Green Bag.

Goes a Long Way.

Borax—My wife makes a little money go a long way these times.

Henpekt—So does mine unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.—Pearson's Weekly.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some one talent. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is one.—Seneca.

A Clever Plan.

In a certain teachers' college the boys of a certain grade are obliged to take a part of the course in sewing taught the girls. After that they may elect for wood carving if they prefer it. The teacher who was to instruct them, fearing rebellion, most cleverly and tactfully carried the day and gained their interest by arranging that the sewing lessons should consist of sailmaking for small boats, learning to stitch balls, and to mend their sweaters and sew on buttons. Mothers with moderately small boys might follow this clever plan, and provide an absorbing interest for rainy days.

It is said that the first American woman to occupy a professor's chair in a coeducational institution was Helen C. Morgan, who was made professor of Latin at Fisk university in 1869.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives. But Junius Henri Browne thinks he has found out. The other half lives by borrowing money from the first half.

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade;
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad backed billows fall faint on the shore
In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark at will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from ocean's lips
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain.

—Bayard Taylor.

WHO CINDERELLA REALLY WAS.

Her Story Is Very Ancient and Appears In Sacred Hindoo Books.

The story of Cinderella is substantially the same as that told of Rhodopis and Psammitichus by Elian, who lived in Rome in the third century of the Christian era. The story, as told by Elian, is that while Rhodopis was bathing, an eagle carried away one of her sandals and dropped it near the feet of Psammitichus, king of Egypt, who, like Cinderella's prince, was struck by its diminutive size, caused the maiden to be sought for, and married her when found. Make the sandal a glass slipper and add the ugly sisters for the sake of contrast, and the stories are much the same. The glass slipper, by the way, is an acknowledged fiction, being in reality a mistranslation of "pantoufle en vair" (a fur slipper), and not "en verre."

This, at all events, is what is claimed by Perrault in his "Contes de Fees." Both these stories have doubtless a common origin, but it is necessary to go further back in the history of the literature to find it—to a people who lived in a period compared with which that of even Elian is quite modern. It is in the Vedas, the four sacred books of the Hindoos, that the origin is to be found.

After what has already been said, it will not be surprising to learn that Cinderella is a dawn maiden, her sisters being the powers of darkness, who compel her to wait upon them, keeping her hidden from sight. The dawn maiden breaks from her bonds, and captivates the sun, remaining with him for a time. But she cannot linger with him in the heavens; she can remain only until a certain hour. Once she lingers too long, and, hurrying back, leaves on the path she has taken a token of her visit in the form of a fleecy cloud, which had borne her aloft when she left the regions of darkness. The sun, determined to find her, sends out his emissaries (the rays of light), but does not find her until she appears before him as the evening twilight. In the Vedas the prince is called Mitra, which is one of the names given to the sun.—London Globe.

She Wanted Pink Cheeks.

There is a girl on the North Side who admires pink cheeks, but she will be careful after this where she gets them. On a recent afternoon one of the carettes was being jogged over the holes in the pavement of Rush street. At Huron street the wagon was stopped, and a young woman stepped in and took a seat near the center of the car. She knew several of the women, and returned their bows. She was a pretty girl, fashionably gowned, and was on her way to a public rehearsal. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, she, in an apparently unconscious manner, put her hand to her cheek and gave it a slight pinch. On her hands were black gloves. The day was damp and the slightest trace possible of the color was left on her cheek. Then she pinched the other one. A black spot showed. This she continued until Adams street was reached, and never a woman spoke. When she reached the Auditorium, her cheeks were a good color, but not what she expected.—Chicago Chronicle.

Sang In the Choir For Eighty Years.

In the last 13 years of Mr. Starman's ministry at Waldborough's famous old German Lutheran church no salary was paid, the congregation being too poor. Old Conrad Hyer, who, although 101 years old, was as brisk as a man of 50, and had acted as chorister in this ancient church for 80 years, reading and singing from the fine print of Watts' hymnbook without the use of spectacles. Nothing remains on earth to mark the sojourn of these men but the dilapidated ruins of the building and the tall marble column in the cemetery which tells the passing traveler that there lie the remains of the sainted Rittz and Starman, pastors of the German Lutheran church of Broad Bay.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Harder to Get At.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience, "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."—Washington Star.

The Other View of It.

"Cæsar had his Brutus!" exclaimed the young orator, and as he paused to note the effect of his words a voice from the gallery replied, "Well, boss, yer may be right, but it allurs kinder struck me dat Brutus had Cæsar."—Washington Times.

The Irish mail boats receive $455,000 a year subsidy. This is only $20,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York.

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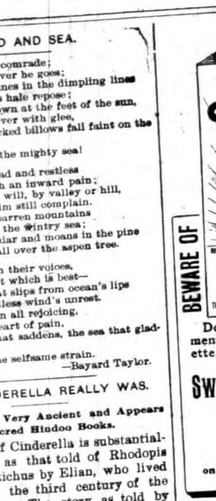

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New York & Greenw'd Lake RR
TO NEW YORK.

Chestnut Hill—†5:26, †6:24, 7:02, 7:27, 8,08 8:44, 10:08, †2:22, 2.38, †3:36, 4.39, 5:34, 6:52, 9:26, 11.36.
Sunday; 7:27, 8:57, 11,42, 2:25, 4.27, 6:51, 8:42;
Belleville Ave.,—5:28, 6:27, 7:04, 7:30, 7:52 8:11; 8:31, 8:46, 10:11, 12:24, 2:40, 3:38, 4:42, 5:36; 6:54, 9:38, 11:38.
Sunday; 7:30, 9:00, 11.44, 2:28, 4.29, 6:53, 8:44
Orchard Street—†5:30, †6:29, 7:06, 7:54, 8.48, 10:13, 12:26, 2:42, 3:40, 4:44, 5:38, †6:56, 9:41, 11:41.
Sunday; †7:32, 9:02, 11.46, 2:30, 4.31, 6:56, 8:46.

FROM NEW YORK
Chambers Street—6:10, 7:37, 9.00, 10.30, 12:00, 1:30, †2:10, 3.15, 4:22, 5:00, 5:22 5:37, 6:00, 6:22, 7:00, 8:15, 10:15, 12:15.
Sunday; 9:00, 10.30, 12;45, 4:30, 6:15, 8.45 10:00.
23rd Street—5:55, 7:25, 8:55, 10:25, 11:55, 1:25, *2:20, 3:10, 4:10, 4:55, 5:10, 5:25, 5:55, 6:10, 6:55, 7:55, 9:55, 11:55.
Sunday; 8:55, 10.25, 12:25, 4:25, 5.55, 8.40, 9:55
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Incoming Mails.

	DUE.
From all points	7.00 a. m.
Brookdale	9.00 a. m.
N. Y., Eastern and foreign	10.00 a. m.
N. J., South and West	1.30 p. m.
From all points	3.40 p. m.
From all points north on G. L. R. R.	5.00 p. m.
N. J., South and West	5.30 p. m.

Outgoing Mails.

	CLOSE.
Montclair direct	7.00 a. m.
Glen Ridge direct	7.00 a. m.
Newark direct	7.45 a. m.
For all points	8.00 a. m.
For all points north on G. L. R. R.	9.15 a. m.
Brookdale	9.30 a. m.
For all points	11.20 a. m.
N. J. South and West	3.15 p. m.
N. Y., Eastern and foreign	4.00 p. m.
All points via N. Y.	7.30 p. m.

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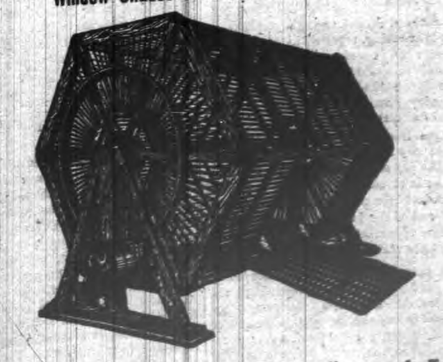

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VOL XVI. [NEW SERIES.] NO. 7.

COLLAPSE OF CITY ELECTION No. 2.

Probably a Wind-up of the Anti-Borough Fight.

Argument was made in Newark on Saturday last before Judge Depue, on the application by Counsel of Glen Ridge Borough for a writ of certiorari in review of the proceedings of the Bloomfield Township Committee in ordering another election, by which it was expected to incorporate part of Bloomfield township and the entire Borough of Glen Ridge as a city.

Chandler W. Riker made the argument for the writ. In substance it was that the advertisement of the Committee had been improperly made in a Newark paper, there being two newspapers printed and published within the district proposed to be incorporated; also that the location designated for holding an election at the corner of Ridgewood Avenue and Snowden Place was indefinite, there being no building at said corner in which an election could be suitably held.

As a final objection to the holding of the election itself, Counsel for Glen Ridge made known to the Court that an appeal had been taken from the decision rendered in certiorari of the previous "City of Bloomfield election," held last August.

This was a revelation to the counsel for Bloomfield township. The possibility of such an appeal being taken had apparently never been anticipated and its production in court placed the Bloomfield lawyer in a bad predicament. It became immediately necessary that the scheme of holding the second city election should be abandoned. Accordingly it has been announced that this election will not be held as petitioned for and advertised for March 31st.

No new line of anti-borough action has been indicated, and the probability is that no further resuscitation of this costly and altogether abortive attack on Glen Ridge Borough will be undertaken.

The wisest thing that Bloomfield can now do is to let Glen Ridge have a fair opportunity to prove the wisdom or unwisdom of maintaining a separate municipality.

A Serious Mistake.

Editor Bloomfield Record:

Without wishing to add anything to the innumerable letters which have been written concerning the Bloomfield-Glen Ridge difficulty, I would like to suggest what seems to a disinterested party as a most mistaken policy for the township to adopt. At the school meeting recently held in Bloomfield, Mr. Stout, the leader of the township coterie which has unsuccessfully attacked the Borough during the past year, insisted upon the naming of a resident of Glen Ridge as a member of the School Board. With such names as Pan[illegible], Sherman, Gallagher, Oakes and Dane to choose from, Mr. Stout named as the Glen Ridge member of the Board, E. A. Smith. Of course Bloomfield we all appreciate Mr. Smith's excellent qualities, his unfailing interest in whatever will aid Bloomfield at the expense of any of the outlying districts, but we must say that as a conciliatory measure his nomination was most unfortunate. He has persistently, unremittingly and in season and out of season not only attacked the Borough, but insulted those who were most active in the direction of its affairs, not even sparing their wives and families. See the nominations signed by him in the Bloomfield Citizen during the past year also his remarks at the Glen Ridge school meeting early in the year, which as reported, were not of a conciliatory nature. It is also reported that he is the sole supporter of the Borough of the existing "ring," the unfaithful call it, which has controlled the affairs of Bloomfield during the past few years. Whether this be true or not, it hardly seems to be the line of compromise, brotherly action and fair dealing to put forth forward to represent Glen Ridge even in a Bloomfield School Board. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Stout's action is that he agrees with some other people, that Mr. Smith represents no one, at any time, and therefore that Glen Ridge need not be offended by his election. But a really good politic on the part of Mr. Stout!

Observer.